

LETTER

TO

Henry Woodward, Comedian,

Occasion'd by his

LETTER

TO THE

INSPECTOR.

BY

SIMON PARTRIDGE,

The Facetious Cobler of Pall Mall.

And Son to the late Mr. Partridge, famous for his
Dispute with Isaac Bickerstaff.

Barbarian to attack
A Chemist, Critick, Journalist, and Quack.

ANON.

L O N D O N :

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LETTER

TO

THE HONORABLE SECRETARY OF THE

NAVY

WASHINGTON

SIR,

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst.

in relation to the proposed purchase of the schooner "Albatross" for the service of the Navy.

I am sorry to hear that the vessel is not available for purchase at the present time.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

Wm. A. R.

THE
Facetious COBLER
TO
Henry Woodward Comedian.

Good Master HARRY,

I Believe you never thought to see your
Ballad-singing Cobler *beyond his Last*
with a Pen in his Hand, and presu-
ming to write to a Man of your Comi-
calness; but, you queer Soul, I cannot
but say a few Words to you about your
Dispute with my Master H—, and if I
should not appear to be one of your fine
Work-men with the Quill, you must charge
that to my Want of Practice; for the
B Man

Man who *cobbles* well at Shoes, would also make a good *cobbling* Writer of Essays, if he had a mind, and among all your Writers I hardly see any thing but *cobbling* at present.

Well, Master *Harry*, I've taken *Measure* of you, and I believe I shall be able to *fit* you upon this occasion, and why should I not? Mr. *Patridge*, my worthy Father, aspired to be one of your *Star-gazers*, and a *Quack* also, and I have heard say, as how he knew more of your heavenly Bodies, as they call 'em, and of your *Quackery*, than my Master *H*—himself; but as to that, look ye, *Swift* was worsted by him in a Dispute, and so its no disgrace to the *Inspector* to be out done by him; nor indeed is it to be wondered, as I am undoubtedly descended from Mr. *Patridge*, that an I put my Head to work, I shall be a better Writer myself than the *Doctor*. Mr. *Patridge* you must know, had his amorous Fits, and to tell you the Truth, one Night he took the fair
Sally

Sally Salisbury, who was plying at the Horse-Guards, home to his Stall, from whence your humble Servant was produced. — It made a great Noise at that Time, and so you find I am as good a Writer by Birth as any of you, and I have heard Folks say, a Poet should be born. Pox o' your comical Pate! — You have made me laugh many a Time and oft, when I have been among the Gods, as you call us there in the upper-Gallery ;---with your fine Gentleman in *Lethe* ----- and your *Captain Bobadil*, ----- and your *Flash* ----- and your *Trappolin*, ----- and your jumping thro' the Hat, ----- and your Lord *Foppingtons* ----- and your *Scrub* ; ----- between you and I, Master *H---* would have given any Thing he could have made so good an Actor. But why insult him for his want of Parts? --- there was a *Cobler* set up Trade in Opposition to me here, and I only laugh'd at the Fellow ; he made full as bad a Figure as Master *H---* did in the *Hay-Market* ---- Lord bless you, I remember the Doctor
there

there, and that Arch-wag with his fly Jokes, rest his Soul, he's dead I think, — Doctor *B-rr-wby* it was — ay, he said, to *Harry Chiddy*, — *damn this Apothecary, he can give nothing but Vomits, for his acting is enough to turn one's Stomach.* — Well then, sure you need not have minded him, for you see even Mr. *Marr*, does not think it worth his while to write to him, and you know his Writings could never hurt you. — Lord bless you, I take 'em in at my Stall every Morning, and all the *Irish* Chair-Men come and read it with me, and faith we could not see any harm in the Papers against you ; and *Bryan Mac-loughlin*, said it was only done to make a *full House* in his Belly, that he did it, and by J---us, says he, I believe he has but an empty *Pit* of it ; and if Squire *Brown* had him at the Bog of *Allen* he'd draw more Streams of Life from him. Well as to that I've nothing to say to it, but I know the Doctor from Top to Toe ; I mend his old Shoes for him, and this let me tell you he has as good a *Sole*, and as good

good an *Understanding* as any in my Shop ;
 and many and many a Time his *Sole*
 wants mending, and his *Understanding* is
 a little battered. For you must know, tho'
 the Doctor keeps his Chariot, yet when he
 goes out with his Pupils, as he told us of in
 his Papers, he always lights at the Bottom of
 the Hill, and walks up with his young Stu-
 dents, to amuse himself with picking Peb-
 bles— And do you really think you can
 take of the Doctor's Walk ? ---- have you
 the pretty Sling from Side to Side ; ----
 have you the agreeable Smile ? ---- have
 you the pert way of Discourse ---- between
 you and me *Harry*, you had better let
 it alone, for he has taken a *Guinea* to pay
 fifty, if he does not cane you on the public
 Stage, in the Face of the whole Audience,
 whenever you attempt to mimic him ----
 But I was telling you how the Doctor is a
 good Customer to me, he walks to gather
 Pebbles as I said ; and then he dances
 round a Glow-worm at *Marybone*, and
 must not that be pretty to see him with
 his full Wig, and his blue Silk Suit, mo-
 ving

ving gracefully, and with a simpering Face and vacant Mind, leering at the Company? —This, you know, must wear Shoes, and besides, he brings himself into so many Quarrels, and then runs away so vigorously, that that also makes a good Article for me.

Many a time and oft have I laughed at my Work, as I was waxing my Thread or so, to think how finely he comes off with his Stories upon them Occasions, tho' now and then he does confound himself a little—*Among so many he could tell who gave the Blow, and at last, it was an Hurt from Mr. Brown's Elbow—*And now again with my good Master Smart, who makes me laugh lustily, with his Spoons and his Salt-box, and his Regiment of Italian Dogs, he has shuffled a little; but let him shuffle on; *shuffling* damages the Sole, and his *Understanding* must come to me again to be *mended*.---By the by, don't you think, Master Harry, that the trained Bands had better draw up, and march down here to see these Creatures exercise,
it

it would much improve them in their next Exercise at the *Artillery-Ground*, for to tell the Truth, they are but *sad Dogs* at it, and these *Dogs* here are clever Fellows.

I can tell you one Thing more of my Master *H—*, that he is naturally a good-natur'd Sort of Man, *not black in the Grain*, tho' now and then he seems so, I'll give you an Instance of his Generosity, which I had from another of my good Masters, whom I won't name, tho' merry be his Heart for it, many and many a Time have I been at his *Chocolate-house* here---Well, but to go on with my Story---Some few Years pass'd, this, my good Master was a little out at Elbows, and lived within the Verge there, and the Doctor went to him in a civil Manner, and invited his Friend to Dinner next Day. He, poor Soul, was glad of the Offer, and as soon as the Hour came round, out steals the *Mimic*, with his Eyes cast one Way, and then another way, and prying all round him to see if the Coast was

was clear, and so away he gets to Master
 ——— Pothecary's Shop at *Westminster*.
 There was indeed, says he, but a bad Ap-
 pearance in the Shop, like that describ'd
 by your Master *Garrick* in the Play of
Romeo: Our Wag enquired for the Doctor,
 and if there was any body with him: and
 upon hearing that two Relations were
 there, enjoy'd the Thoughts of a good
 Family-Dinner. He was obliged to pass
 through the Kitchen, in going towards the
 Parlour, and so away marched with an
 Air of one of your careless Fellows, but
 in passing he cast a side Glance towards
 the Cook's Fire; and what do you think
 he saw there? ——— Slap-dash, down fell
 his Spirits at once—the hungry Genius
 saw nothing but a Bullock's Heart dang-
 ling to a Piece of Packthread, and turn-
 ing in a melancholy Manner round a *din-*
gy Fire. However, sooner than fail, he
 proceeded, and found my Master like
 the Pothecary in the Play I mentioned to
 you already. Some how they managed
 to cobble up a Dinner, and o'er a good
 Pot

Pot of Porter, mixed with small Beer,
did our two Genius's regale themselves for
that Day.

Now, Sir, does not this shew that the
Man has some Generosity, and is willing
to share with his Friend?—I think its
a good Quality, and for that Reason, that
you are too hard upon him.——Good
Heart? Why would you insinuate, that
he is a Fumbler?—Lord help you, I was
at the Play-house that Night, that Mrs.
W-ff-ngt-n laughed at him; but, Master
Harry, with your Leave you sunk the best
Part of that Story too. The gay Mrs.
W-ff-ngt-n was not used to be handled
in that Manner, either in jest or earnest,
and so after taking a soft Tour round the
Pit and Boxes with her Eyes, and raising
them in her languishing Manner to the
upper Regions where I was, she broke out
into a Laugh of Contempt, and fairly told
us——*I protest, says she, I never met so
tame a Ravisher in my Life before.*

Well, but I am glad you suppressed that, tho' I see you have a Wipe at him about his Scholarship ; I have studied as far as *As in presenti* myself, and as far as the *End* of my Judgment, you have him there ; and when I was with Master the other Day at his House, he seem'd to be down o' the Mouth about it ; he *waxes* damn'd angry, and it works his *Leather*. Well, but if you were to see him, as I did, o' my Soul, I believe you would both pity and laugh at him. A mighty poetical Phyz he has that's certain : He had his Tea-Table before him, and his Bason and Water ; and so he drank, and wash'd, and wrote, and talk'd, and sputter'd, and mouth'd, and fretted, that I could not help smiling—He rubb'd his Side pretty often, and saving your Favour, he rubb'd his Backside too, where, it seems, he has a *great many Bruises*,—and rail'd at Squire F--LD-NG,—*D——n him*, says he, *he has knock'd me up, tho' I don't allow it in print*—and this SM-RT with his Po-
ems

ems——the Town is oblig'd to 'em,——I who hate 'em am not obliged to 'em,——the Town thanks 'em; were it any other Scribler they attack'd, I should thank 'em; at present it is not fit I should; I will not thank 'em, I do not thank 'em.

As soon as he could recollect himself, he desired I would hasten my Book as much as possible; — *I have endeavoured,* says he, *to produce something but to no purpose; I bow'd to Master, and told him I should be as quick as possible, and that I should endeavour to make an End of the Dispute. I accordingly have been ever since waxing the Thread of the Argument, and hammering upon it, and viewing the Sole of it, and fitting the Quarters of my Letter, and scraping all I could with my paring Knife, but a confounded Accident has kept me back all this Time.*

As I was fitting on *Saturday Night* was se'nnight in my Stall, with my Tacks around me, some wicked Fellows, Enemies

mies I suppose to the Doctor, and who heard I was about this *Job*, came to my Study, and according to their usual Tricks began to *funk* me. The Candle burnt blue, and the whole Place was in such a Smoke, that I could hardly breathe, Which way could I betake myself, the inhuman Stench was ready to suffocate me and I threw myself on my Knees to my Prayers. My Devotions were offered up to my good Father, by the by-blow Mr. *Patridge*, who, you know, is admitted among the Stars in Heaven on Account of his great Knowledge.

I cry'd out in the Words of *Swift* who repenting of his Crimes wrote the following Words ———

*Triumphant Star ! some Pity shew
On Coblers militant below;
Whom roguish Boys in stormy Nights
Torment by pissing out their Lights,*

Or

*Or thro' a Chink convey their Smoak
Inclos'd Artificers to choke.*

My Prayer was not offered up in vain the Gang dispersed but left me in the most terrible Situation ; I was ready to expire, and I really thought that I was come to my *Last*. My good Master the Doctor was immediately sent for ; he gave me a *Vomit* the Moment he came, but that not being sufficient, he prescribed a Glyster for me, which he had the good-Nature to apply himself. I am ashamed to tell what follows ; many *have benefitted of his Experience*, particularly *Dia—d*, the *Kitten* — *Smiling Kitty*, *Charming Kate*, *Blooming Catherine* &c. but on this Occasion such was my Case that every Thing went amiss. He no sooner applied his Thumb to my Orifice, and inserted his Pipe, but my Bowels began to be woundy sick, and the Consequence was that I could not contain the Injection, but, as ill Luck would have it, let ty full in his Face. In all my Agony

I could not help bursting, out in a Laugh to see the Figure he cut after I discharged upon him !—The Yellow Stream trickled down his Wig, his Face, his Eyes, his Mouth, his whole Person !—stained is that blue Silk which the World so much admired !—— But the good natured Doctor never once minded it, but went to his Chariot with rather more Briskness than ever. He put me in Mind of some Verses I have often read in a Paper pasted up in a Corner of my Stall,

*Renew'd by Ordure's sympathetic Force
As oil'd with magic Juices for the Course
Vig'rous he rises ; from th' Effluvia strong,
Imbibes new Life and scours and stinks along.*

But, Master Harry, don't think I have done with the Argument, I now return to it: The *Inspector* tells me, that when he was at *May-Fair*, a young Captain of the Train'd Bands, Son to Mr. *Winter-bottom*, the Tallow-Chandler in *Cateaton-Street*, was in the Stage Box, and that
for

for something, or for nothing he was obliged to Kneel and ask his Pardon. Now says he, whats sauce for a Goose is Sauce for a Gander, and therefore he imagined to put you upon a Level wth him, to oblige you to do the same. Besides he heard that you have a Farce by you called the *Inspector*, which you are to play at your Benefit, and if that is the Case, I think he served you well to work your *bide for you*. Besides this the Proprietors of his * * *, have told him that they are all Losers by it, and unless he could get it up this Winter, they will drop it in the Spring, which alarmed him to such a Degree, that he was resolved to be at all, Neck or Nothing, and *Harry Woodward*, says he, is a public Character, and a Noise about him will make my Paper read ; in like manner, as when that failed, he wrote about *Freneh Dresses*, and I have heard that very *Weaver* that was the finest Gentleman at the *City Rout* declare

declare with a staring Look, and a shake of his head, "*he is a Wonder of a Man.*"

And let me tell you it was cruel of you to go to *George's Coffee-House* with a Stick in your Hand to look for him, and I am glad, before you came, that the Doctor found out the Scheme, for he immediately with great Precipitation walked out to his Chariot, and has never been there since, and has carefully, as he tells me, shunned your Haunts on Purpose, and for this Reason does not go to the *Bedford*, and because he has lost the Freedom of the House, will seldom go to *Drury-Lane* and for that Reason artfully to colour it, says, He likes to hear *Barry* make Love, and can't endure Mr. *Garrick*, because he is famous for raising Terror, a Thing he does not like since the last Time he was at *Ranelagh*. And he does not like you, because you do Capt. *Bobadil* so much to the Life, that all the House stare at him for it. He says, C——r the younger
is

is a better *Coxcomb* than you are; ay, and so is Master himself, that's sure; but your Interest excludes 'em both; and so out of cunning, he says its the *Fashion to go to Covent-Garden*: but there indeed I must tell Truth; I was at the last Play of *Romeo*, and, 'ods my Life, I could not help a Smile when he talked of the *beggarly Account of empty Boxes* in the 'Pothecaries Shop, for it was the same in the Play-House.

Shall I account for the Doctor's Malice to your great little Man? a Book of Philosophy I read the other Day, say, that *its known in human Nature that when a Man attempts any Art, and fails, he will naturally bate him that does; because he is a living Affront to his own Inability and Want of Genius*. Now can't you see that your *David* and my Master stand thus with one another? *David* has succeeded, and is admired, and my Master was hissed and exploded, and there the *Shoe pinches*,
D and

and indeed I believe with Regard to you it is the same. Well but mum, for that ;--- Lord, that *Sampson Edwards*, he is but a poor Psalm-singing Cocker; he shewed me such stuff, as made me sick, and now he is gone to Master to help him, he has not done better ; *their Grove of Laurels in the written Field*, and all their other puffed-up Sayings without Meaning, with a fine glittering, puts me in Mind of a laced Slipper now in my Shop, that has no Bottom at all ; Lord help you, it puts me in Mind of some other Verses that I have pasted in another Part of my Stall, and since I gave you the first, I'll give you these.

*Nonsense precipitate like running Lead
That slip'd thro' Cracks and Zigzags of the
Head ;
All that on Folly Phrenzy can beget,
Fruits of dull Heat and Sooterkins of Wit.*

There is one Thing indeed where he has you ; it is where he talks of your
Father

Father and Mother ; that's excellently hit of, and wants nothing to make it cutting, but one Thing, which is a little *Truth* ; but that we will do without for a pretty *Fancy* ; Who Master is himself, *none knows*, O ——— and none ever will. But to be sure he is the most decent Man in the World, and you see how he talks of the Wars of *Venus* and *Mars*, and the Difference of *Colour* is not at all fulsome nor dirty.

And now since I have been so long at Work, I will make an *End* of it ; and for Heaven's Sake let him alone for the Future ; *he must eat* tho' he does not shew much for it ; and the *University of Bourdeaux* will take it as a Favour, and the Tea-Tables of *Great-Britain* beg you will let him go on with his Scandal, and the whole Town will be obliged to you ; Mr. *Flestrin* will rejoice, the *Antients* if they were
alive

*alive they would thank you ; I who am alive
do thank you.*

And now, good Master *Harry*, I have
run my *Awl* into the *Sole* of this *Affair* ;
and so I wish you well, and merry be
your *Heart*, and may you have a good
Benefit, and believe me, who am as much
as any *Man* that walks on *Shoe-Leather*,

Sir, Your humble Servant,

SIMON PARTRIDGE.

P. S. Since writing the foregoing, the
Doctor sent me the following Letters
and bids me print them, at the End,
for, says he, they will shew what Esteem
he is in abroad.

Extr

*Extract of a Letter from the Society of
Bordeaux.*

Inspectorem illum, Magnæ Britanniae, fulgidissimum jubar nuncupare haud equidem nobis, religio erit ; certe eximiam ejus in sustinendis verberibus fortitudinem satis admirari nequaquam possumus ; atque pondò nobis dignus videtur qui in posterum apelletur *splendide mendax*, &c.

Extract of a Letter from Paris.

J'ai leu par l'ordre de Monseigneur le Chancelier tous les Papiers, qui ont pour titre, l'Inspecteur : J'y ai trouvé de la bizarrerie dans le sujet, des mensonges Etonnantes, et presque par tout de la Vanité, qui se trouve rarement parmi les Anglois, & je crois qu'ils meritent d'être
traduites

traduites dans toutes les langues, pour la commodite * de toute l'Europe.

L'EQUIVOQUE.

I don't understand the above Letters, but a Friend has told me, they are much in the Doctor's Praise; the first he says, is in Commendation of his Inspectorship, his surprising *Intrepidity*, and *unembarrassed Countenance* in telling Stories upon all Occasions.

And the latter is an Approbation of all his Effays, printed in *Paris*, and imports, that his Lucubrations should be translated into all modern Languages, which no doubt will redound greatly to the Honour of our Country.

* *Commodite*] This seems to carry an ambiguous Meaning, the French Word signifying a necessary House and alto a Convenience, so that the former may be the Assylum of all his Works.

